







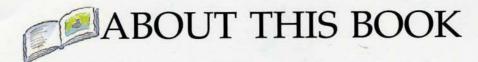
Ten Stories and a Picture Dictionary



Sally Grindley Illustrated by Maureen Galvani







This book provides stories and pictures that will help to prepare children for learning to read. It includes ten stories, many detailed pictures to talk about, and a word and picture dictionary. Young children will love hearing the book read aloud, enjoy telling the stories in their own words from the pictures, and, with encouragement, find the words simple enough to read for themselves.



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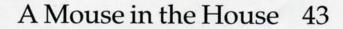
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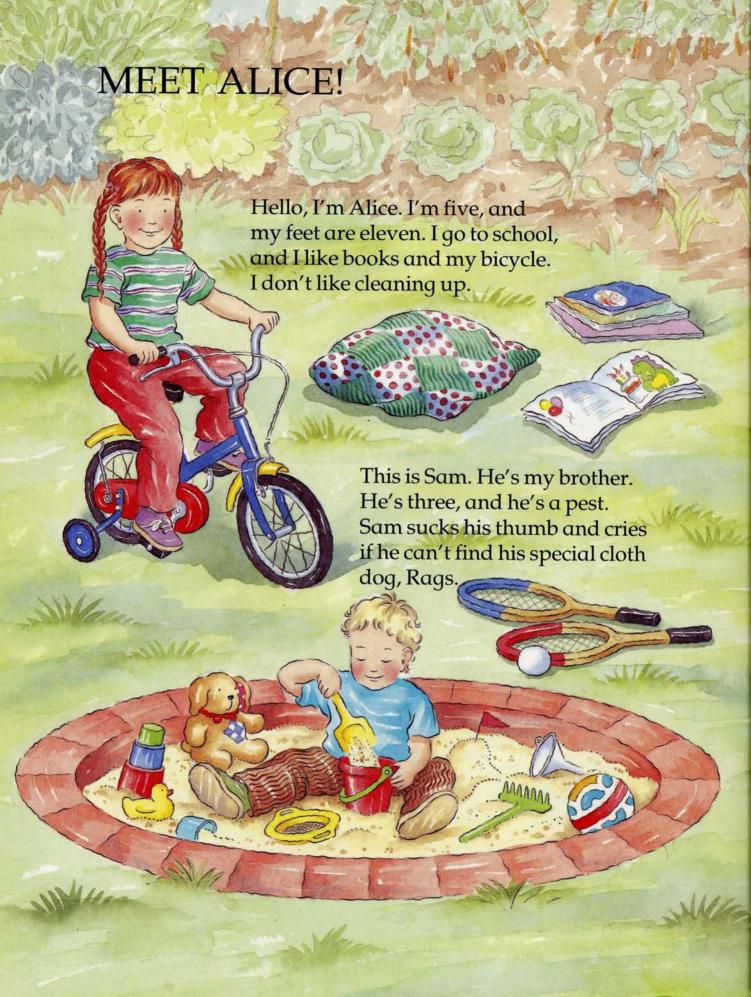
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# TIME TO GET UP!



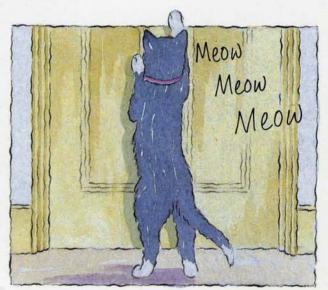






It was time to get up.





Ollie wanted his breakfast. Boots wanted his breakfast.







Sam was being a racing car.







"Time to get up," said Mom. "Time to get up," said Sam.



Mom went downstairs. Sam went all quiet.



It was hot under the comforter.



Where





Sam?

### Something grabbed my foot.



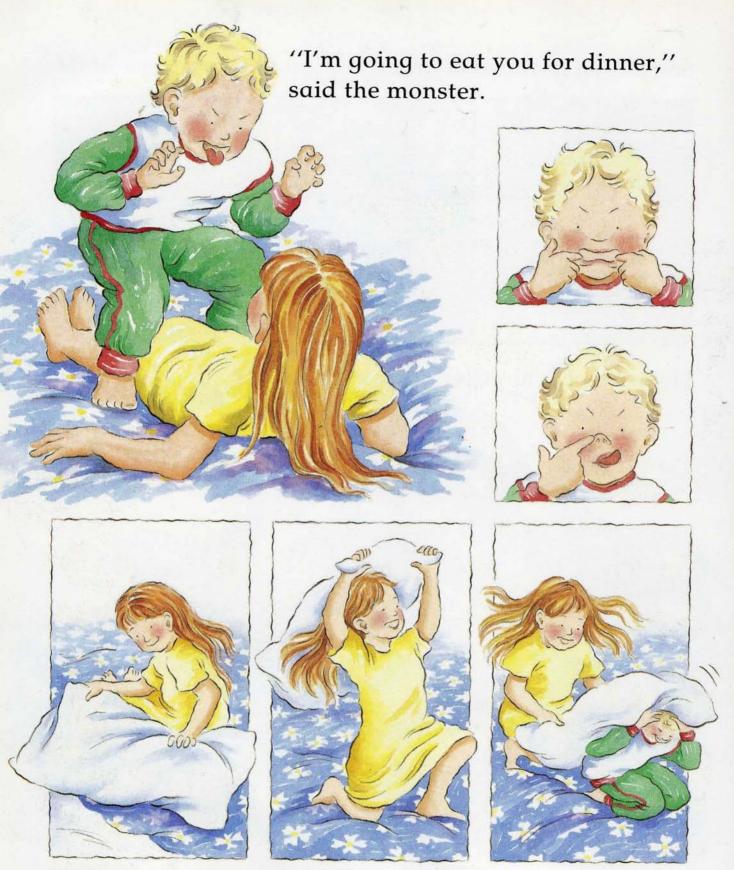




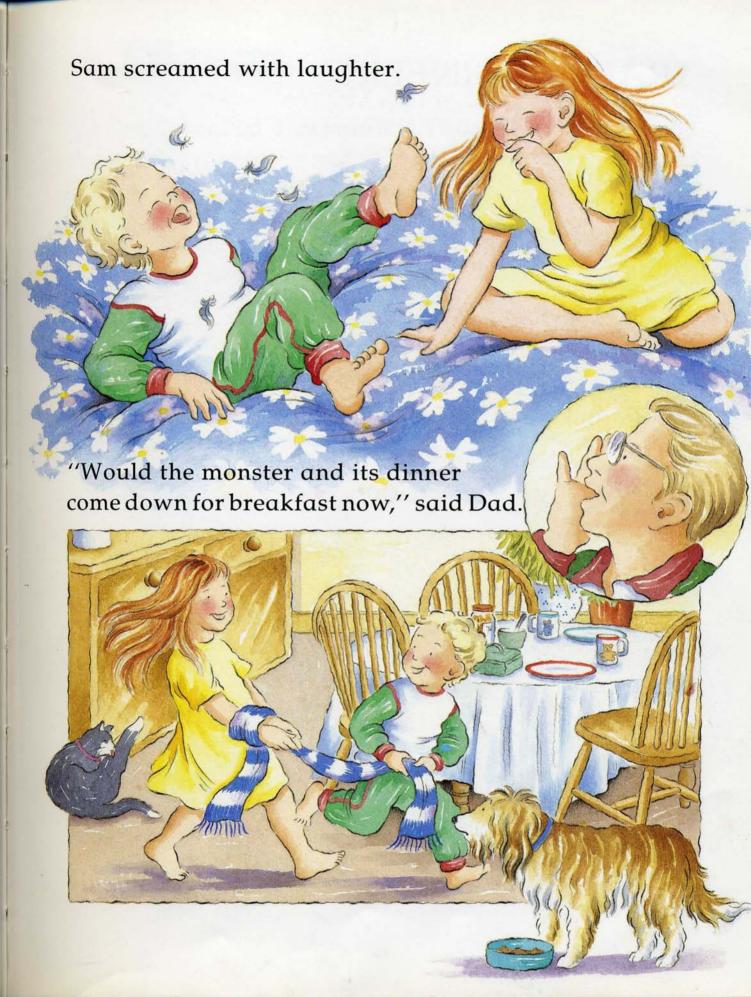
Help, help! A monster grabbed my foot!



Let go, you horrible monster!



I whacked it with my pillow.



# TRAIN ENGINEER



Sam was playing with his train set.



"Come and have breakfast, Sam," said Mom.



### Sam's train rolled around Ollie's basket.



"Breakfast, Sam," said Mom.





Sam's train rolled up the table leg.





Sam's train rolled down another table leg.







"Sam, breakfast," said Mom.



Sam didn't want to stop for breakfast. "I'm a train engineer," he said. "I'm very busy."

# PLANTING A TREE



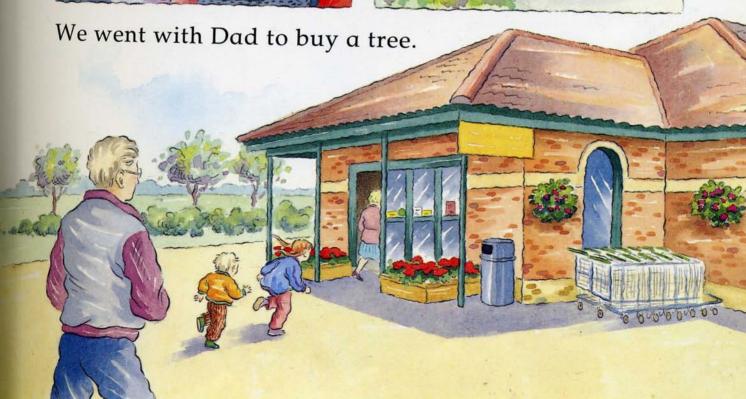


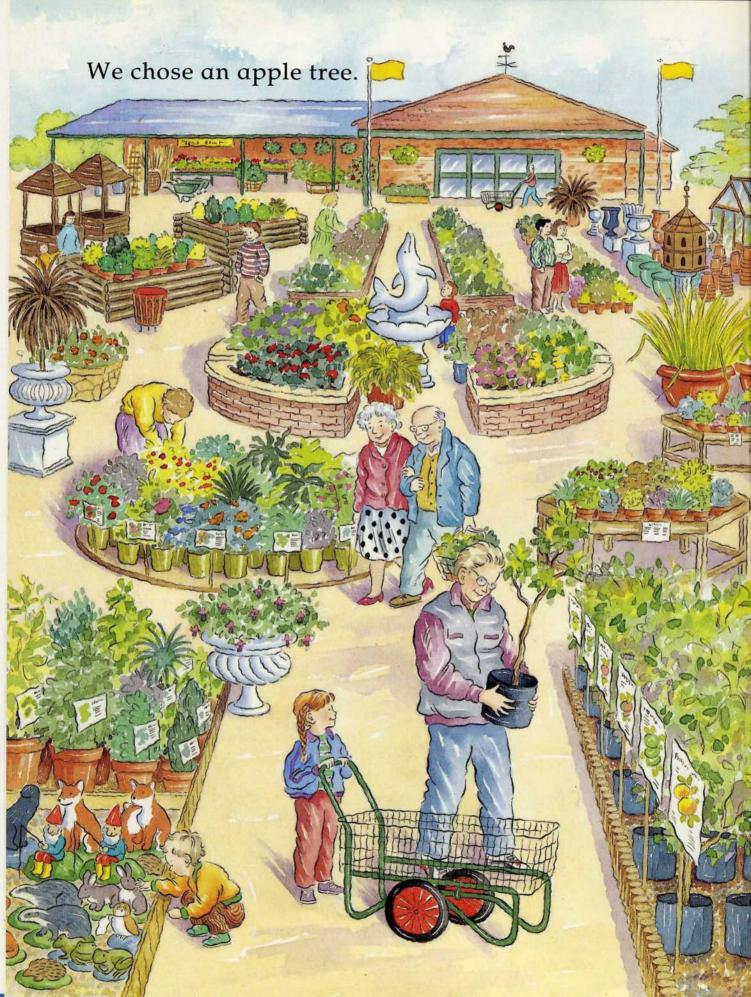












### Sam said he wanted to climb it.





Dad said he would have to wait a few years.



I helped Dad dig a hole.

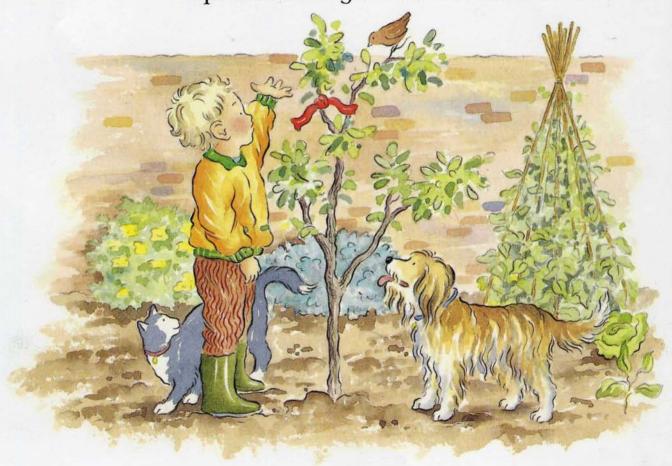
Sam played with a worm.

### Ollie brought his bone along.





I pressed the ground flat around the tree.



Sam keeps going out to see if it has grown.

# MAKING CUPCAKES







My Mom and I . . . made cupcakes. They had . . .





... butter in them

and sugar

and milk



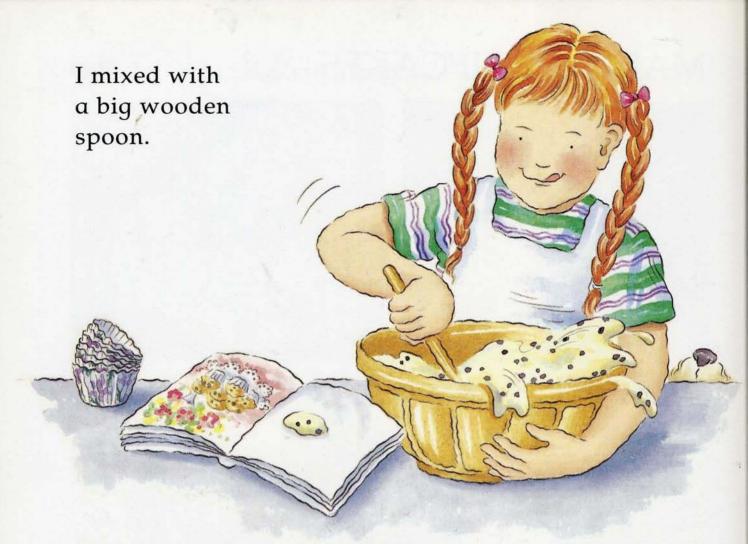




and eggs

and flour

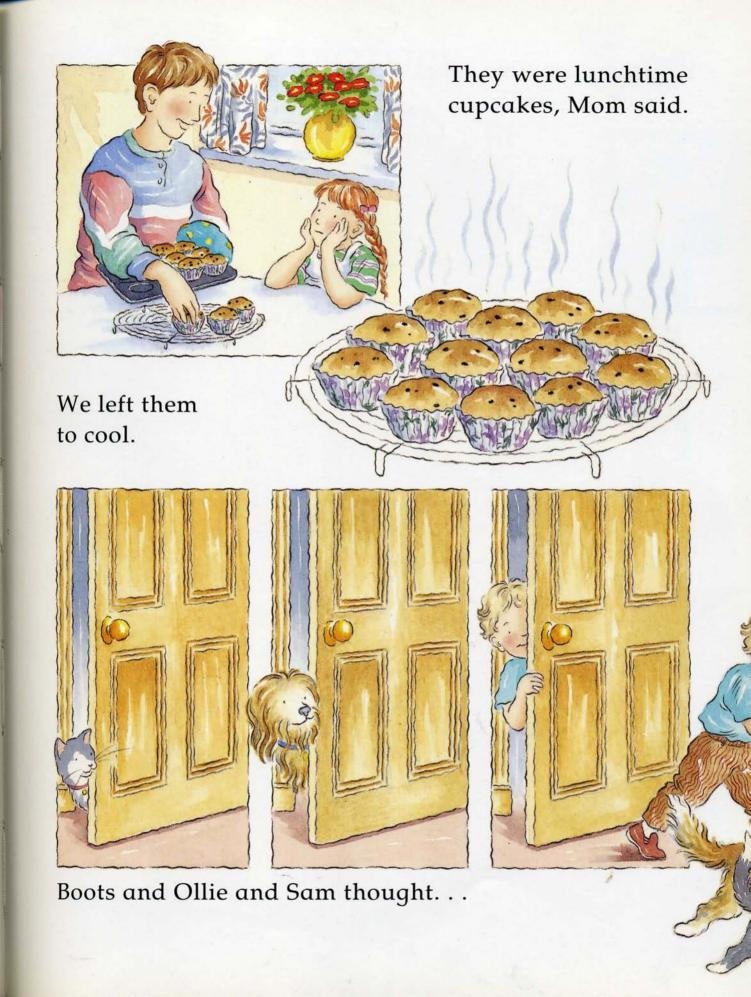
and raisins.



"When can we eat them, Mom?" I asked, when she put them in the oven.



"When can we eat them, Mom?" I asked, when she took them out of the oven.

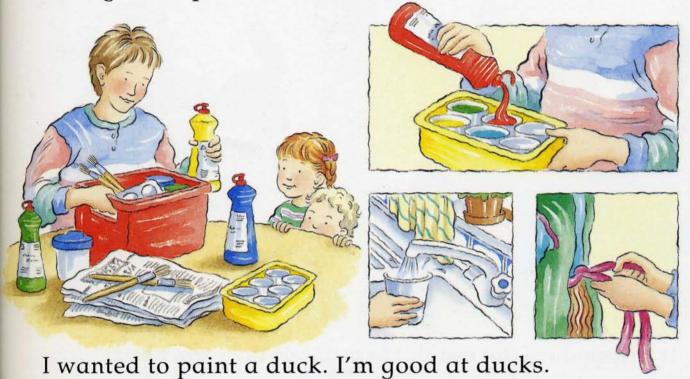




# PAINTING A PICTURE



Mom got our paints out for us.







Sam said he was going to paint a fire engine.

He put some red paint on his brush.



It dripped on the patio. He painted the paper red.



My duck had a green head. It had brown feathers and a blue tail.

Sam put some more red paint on his paper.

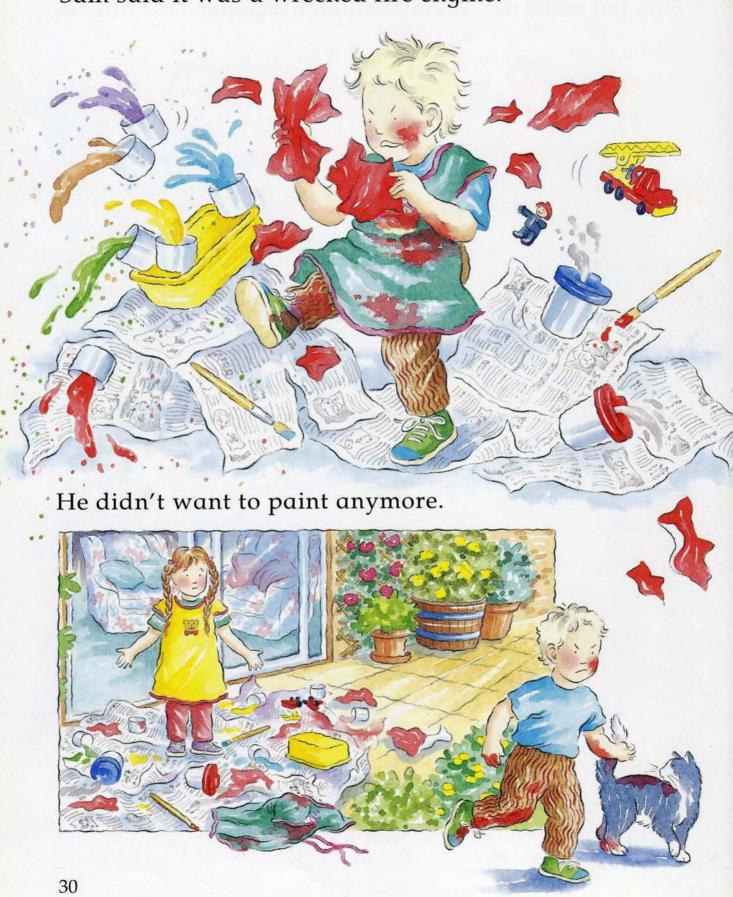


All I could see was red. I couldn't see a fire engine.



You could see my duck's head and its feathers and its tail. Where was Sam's fire engine?

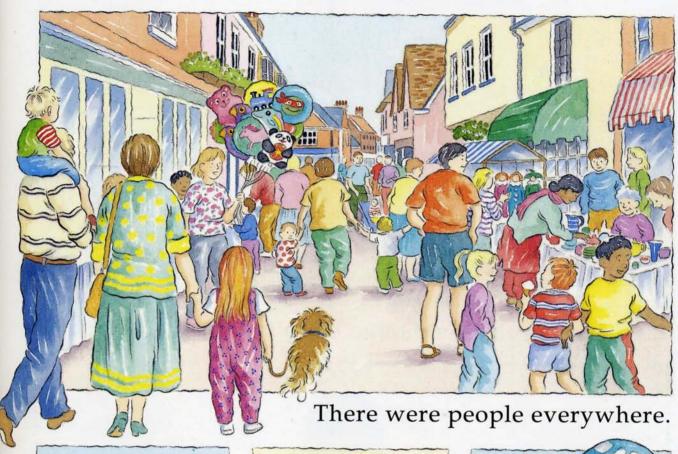
Sam said it was a wrecked fire engine.



# THE STREET FAIR



We went to a street fair in the afternoon.









I saw Rose from my school. And Danny. And James.

There was a booth with jars of jam. A booth with old books.

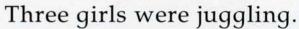


A bakery booth where Mom bought us each a doughnut.



There was a booth where you could make buttons.







Oranges.

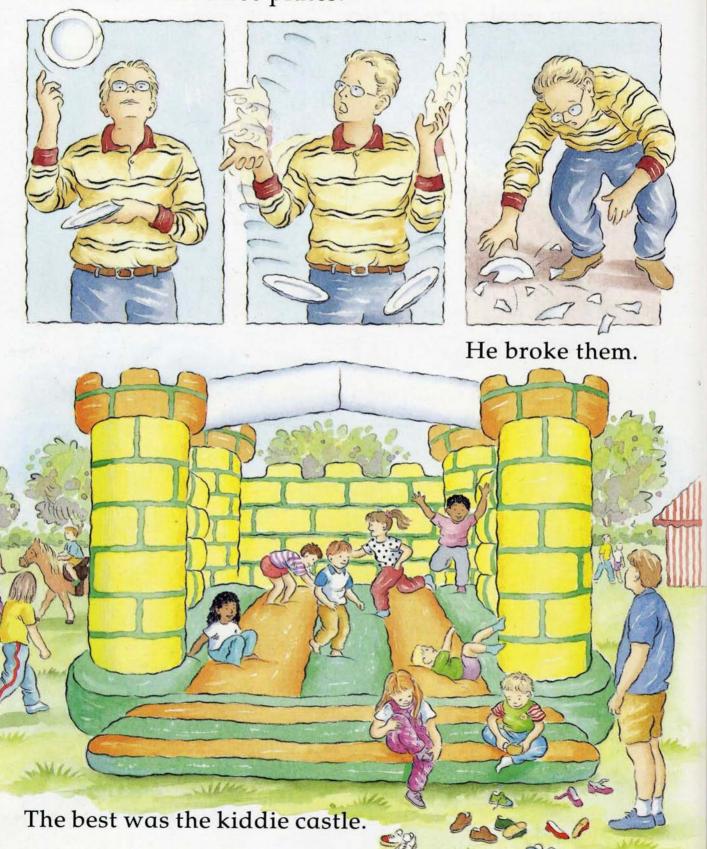


Plates.



Sticks.

### Dad tried with three plates.



We bounced.

And bounced.

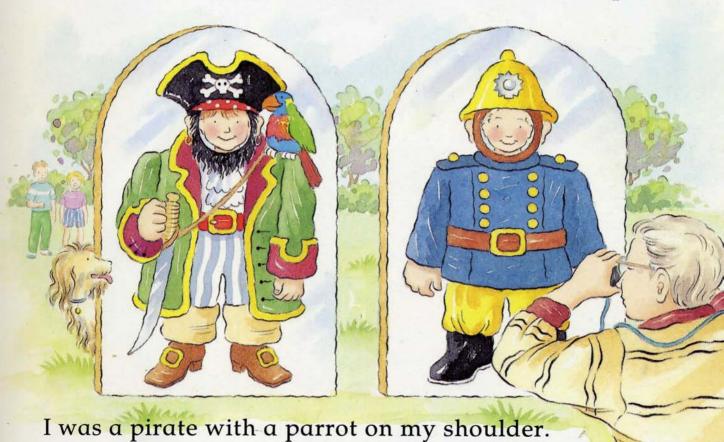
And bounced.





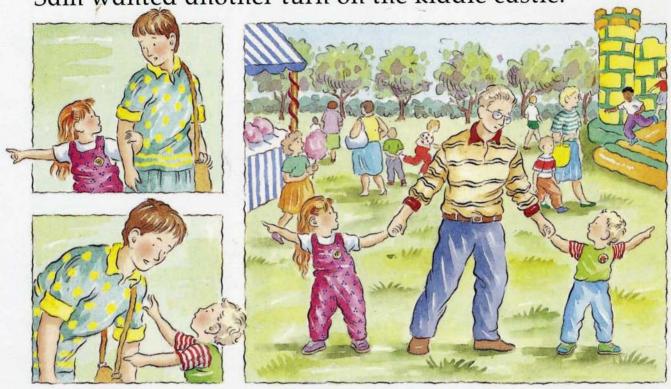


We didn't want to get off. Dad wanted to take our picture.



Sam was an old-time fireman.

When it was time to go home, we didn't want to go. Sam wanted another turn on the kiddie castle.

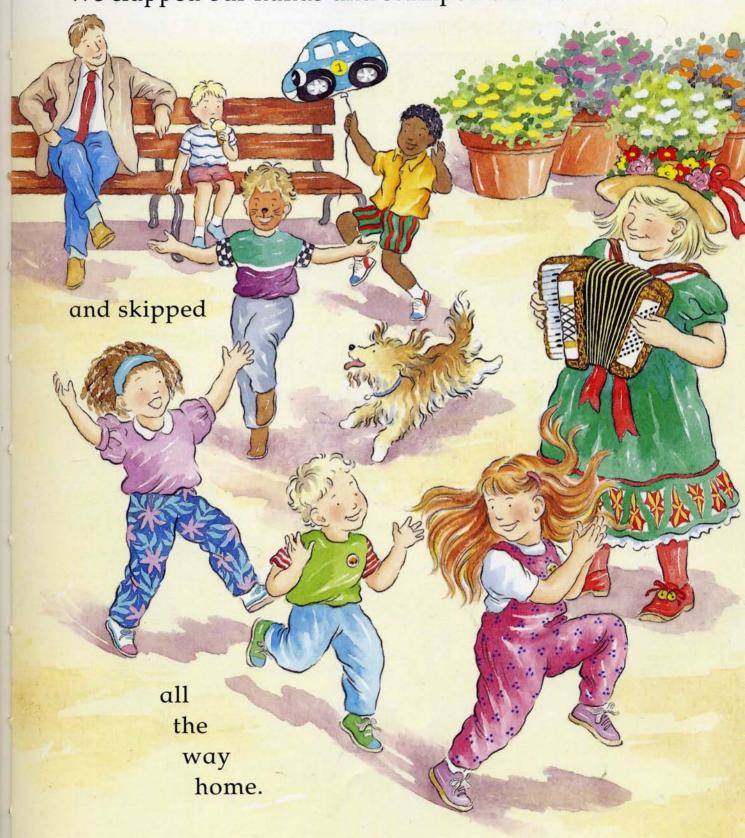


I wanted some cotton candy. Sam wanted a lollipop.



I wanted to make another button. Mom got very cross.

A lady was playing music. I started dancing with Sam. We clapped our hands and stamped our feet



# LET'S PLAY CARDS

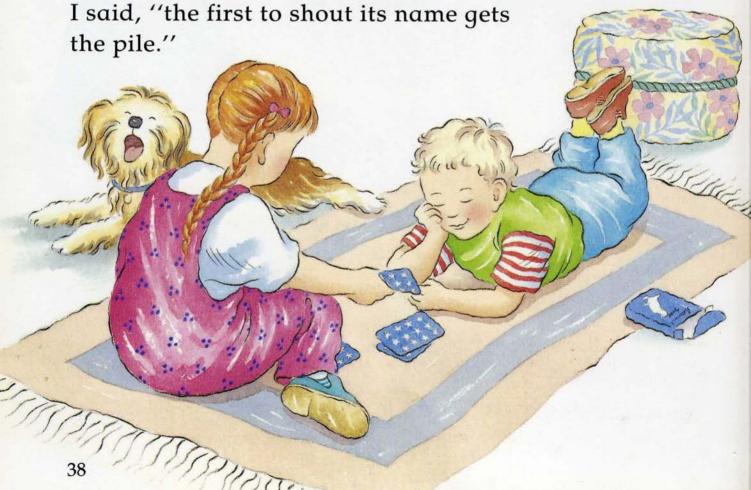


Mom told us to play by ourselves.





I told Sam to play cards with me. I was the dealer. "If we both put down the same card,"



I started. It was a cow.



Sam put down a pig.





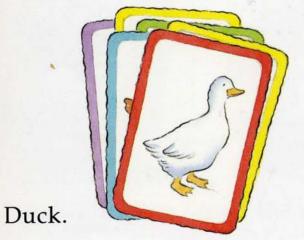
Horse.



Hen.



Pig.





Duck.

#### "DUCK!" I shouted.

### "DUCK!" shouted Sam.





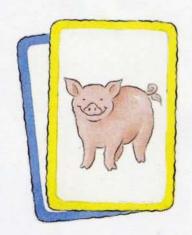




I said it first, so I took the pile of cards.



Farmer.



Pig.



Tractor.



"GOAT!" I shouted.

"GOAT!" shouted Sam.



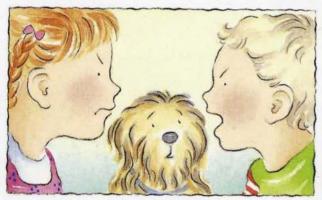
I said it first, so I took the pile of cards.



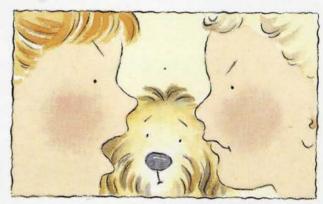
"It's not fair," said Sam.



"You're too slow," I said.



"I'm not," said Sam.



"Yes, you are," I said.

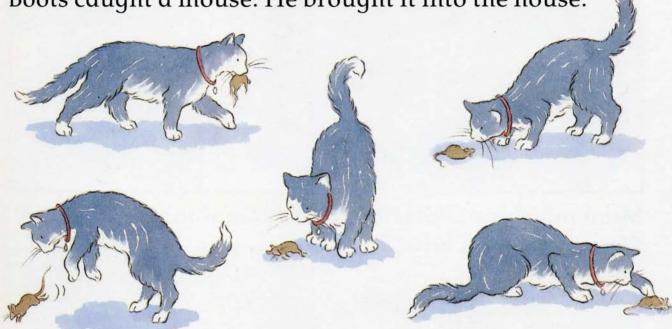


"Anyway," said Sam. "I don't like this game. It's a stupid game. I'm not going to play anymore."

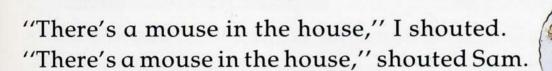
## A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE



Boots caught a mouse. He brought it into the house.



He dropped it on the kitchen floor. The mouse ran away.



"Where?" asked Mom.



Boots was sniffing around by the stove.



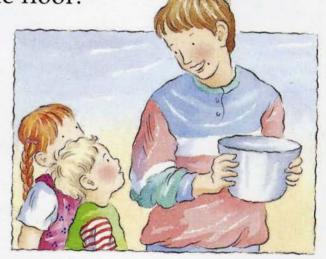
"He's by the stove," said Sam. "I can see his nose."





Mom put some cheese on the floor. She picked up a bowl.





"Keep very still and he might come out," said Mom.







We waited. "He's going to stay there forever," said Sam.

"SHHH!" said Mom. We waited.







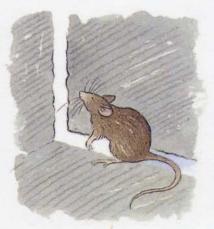
"Boots might eat him," I said. "SHHH!" said Mom.





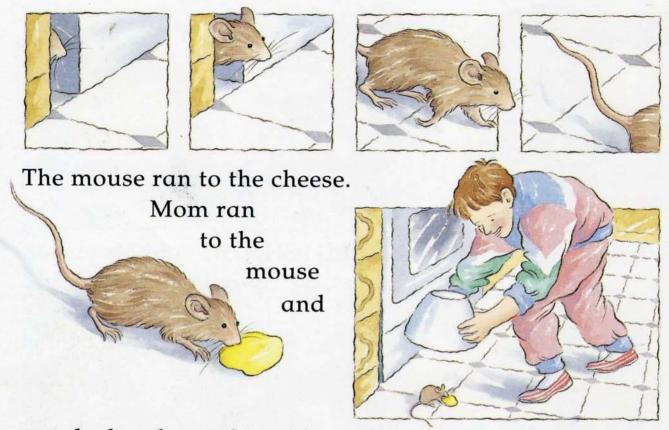
And we waited. "Can we keep him?" said Sam.





"SHHH!" said Mom. "He's coming."

Nose and whiskers. Eyes and head. Body and legs. Tail.



put the bowl over him. She took him out to the yard. We made Boots stay inside.



## WHERE'S RAGS?



It was Sam's bedtime and he could not find Rags.







He cried and cried and cried.



We looked in the kitchen.





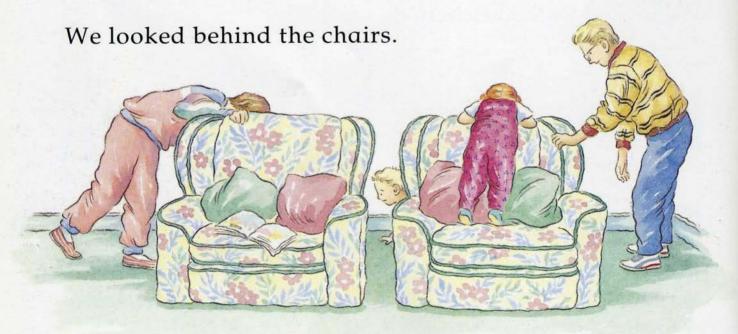
We looked behind the drapes. We looked under the stairs.

Sam cried and cried and cried.



We looked in the bathroom. We looked under the bed.

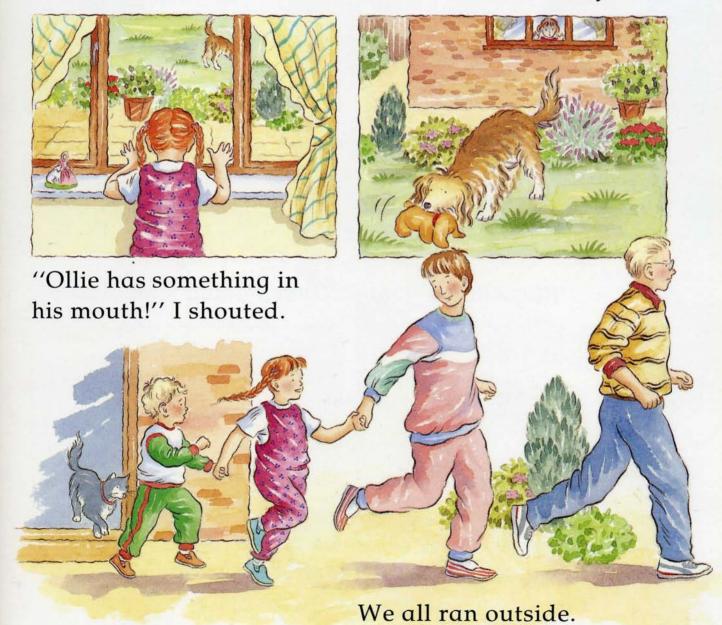


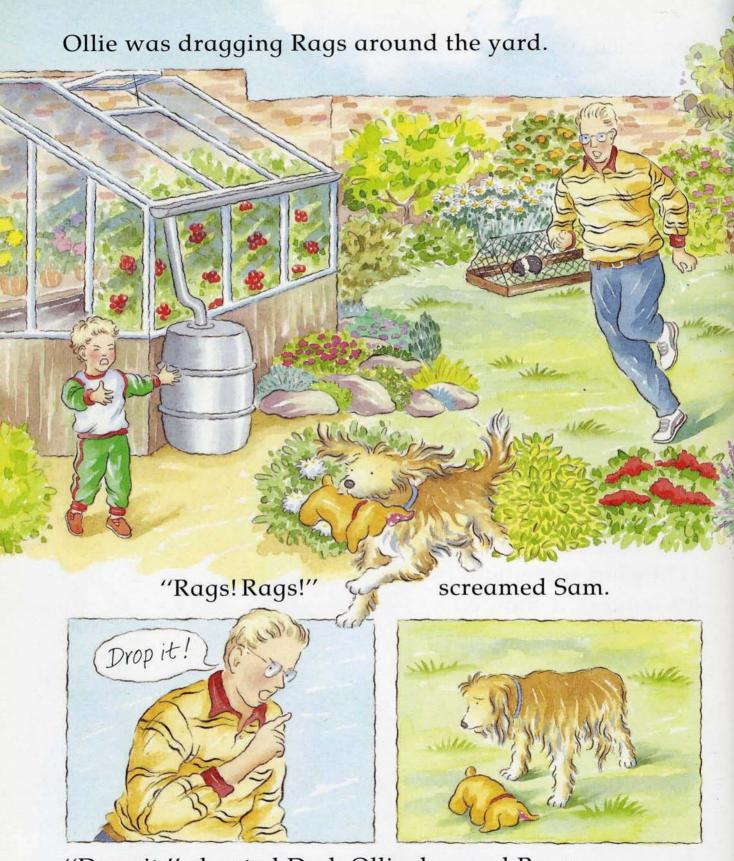


Sam cried and cried and cried.



I looked out of the window. Ollie was in the backyard.





"Drop it," shouted Dad. Ollie dropped Rags.



We went back inside and Sam fell fast asleep.



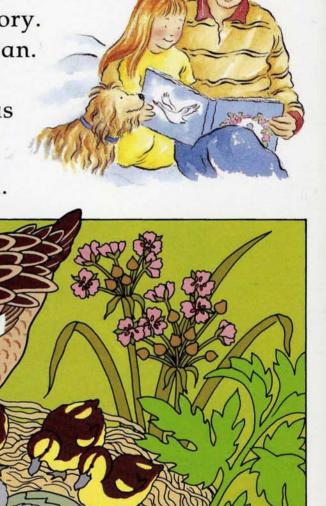
Rags needed washing, but he would have to wait.

## **BEDTIME STORY**

I sat down with Dad for a story. Ollie sat down, too. Dad began.

"Once upon a time, there was a very ugly duckling."

"Why was he ugly?" I asked.

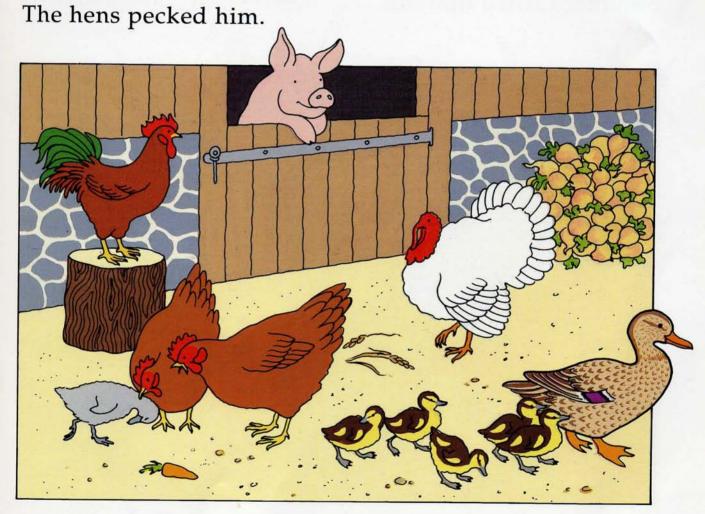


"Because he didn't look like the other ducklings," said Dad.

"The ugly duckling was so ugly that even his mother didn't love him."

"Poor duckling," I said.

"The other ducks bit him.



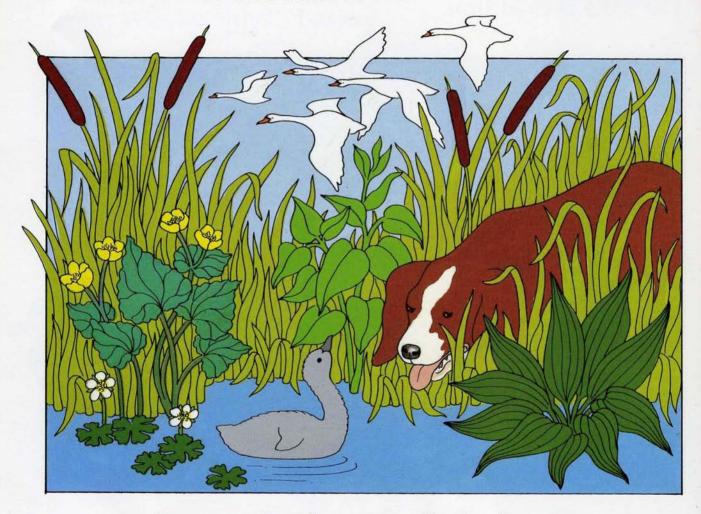
The turkey gobbled at him."
"Poor duckling," I said.

"The duckling was so unhappy that he ran away."

"The other ducks were horrible, weren't they, Dad?" I said.

"They weren't very kind," said Dad.

"Life was full of danger for the ugly duckling.
Summer turned into fall . . .



One evening, he saw a flock of swans in the sky. They were so beautiful he could not forget them.

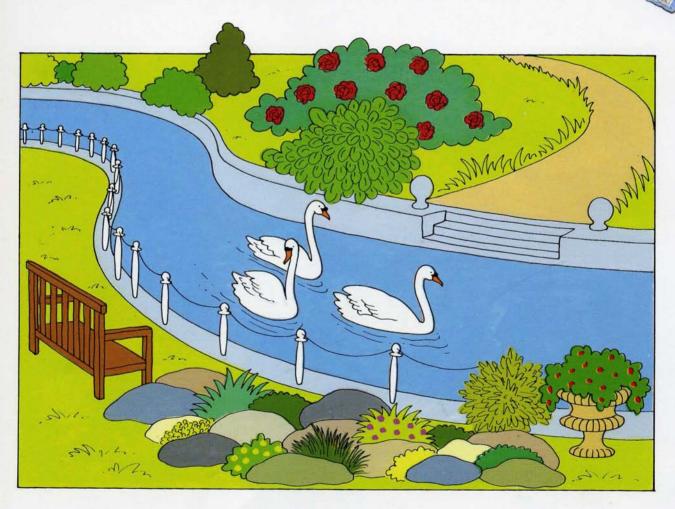
Fall turned into winter.

Life was hard for the ugly duckling.

Then winter turned into spring. The ugly duckling flew into a beautiful park with a river. Three swans were swimming there.

'How beautiful they are,' he thought.

'I wish I looked like them.'



He swam toward them. He hoped they might be friends with him.

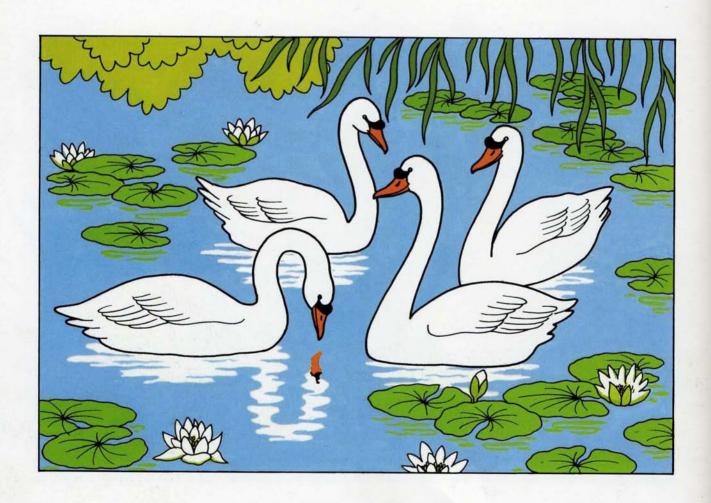
As he swam, he looked down and saw another swan in the water.

'Who are you?' he asked, turning around. There was nobody there.''

"It was him, wasn't it Dad?" I said.

"That's right," said Dad. "The ugly duckling wasn't a duckling at all.

He had turned into a beautiful swan."



"Is he happy now?" I asked.
"Yes," said Dad. "Very happy.

And now, it's time for bed. Good night, angel. Sleep tight."

